

## Literal Rhythm Repetition

In Memoriam      -Henry Willett,

I miss the wagging little tail;  
I miss the plaintive, pleading wail;  
I miss the wistful, loving glance;  
I miss the circling welcome-dance.

*I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out  
the  
true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident,  
that all  
men are created equal."*

*I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of  
former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit  
down  
together at the table of brotherhood.*

*I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state  
sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of  
oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.*

*I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a  
nation  
where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the*

*content*

*of their character. I have a dream today. ...*

*-Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.*

## **Grammatical Rhythm Repetition: Conjunctions**

**If** by Rudyard Kipling

**If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;  
If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with triumph and disaster  
And treat those two imposters just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;  
If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breath a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";  
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch;  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run -  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And - which is more - you'll be a Man my son!**

## **Grammatical Rhythm Repetition: Phrases and Clauses**

## Cloony the Clown

I'll tell you the story of  
Cloony the Clown  
Who worked in a circus that  
came through town.  
His shoes were too big and  
his hat was too small,  
But he just wasn't, just  
wasn't funny at all.  
He had a trombone to play  
loud silly tunes,  
He had a green dog and a  
thousand balloons.  
He was floppy and sloppy and  
skinny and tall,  
But he just wasn't, just  
wasn't funny at all.  
And every time he did a  
trick,  
Everyone felt a little sick.  
And every time he told a  
joke,  
Folks sighed as if their  
hearts were broke.  
And every time he lost a  
shoe,  
Everyone looked awfully blue.  
And every time he stood on  
his head,  
Everyone screamed, "Go back  
to bed!"  
And every time he made a  
leap,  
Everybody fell asleep.  
And every time he ate his  
tie,  
Everyone began to cry.  
And Cloony could not make any  
money  
Simply because he was not  
funny.  
One day he said, "I'll tell  
this town  
How it feels to be an unfunny  
clown."

## By Shel Silverstein

And he told them all why he  
looked so sad,  
And he told them all why he  
felt so bad.  
He told of Pain and Rain and  
Cold,  
He told of Darkness in his  
soul,  
And after he finished his  
tale of woe,  
Did everyone cry? Oh no, no,  
no,  
They laughed until they shook  
the trees  
With "Hah-Hah-Hahs" and "Hee-  
Hee-Hees."  
They laughed with howls and  
yowls and shrieks,  
They laughed all day, they  
laughed all week,  
They laughed until they had a  
fit,  
They laughed until their  
jackets split.  
The laughter spread for miles  
around  
To every city, every town,  
Over mountains, 'cross the  
sea,  
From Saint Tropez to Mun San  
Nee.  
And soon the whole world rang  
with laughter,  
Lasting till forever after,  
While Cloony stood in the  
circus tent,  
With his head drooped low and  
his shoulders bent.  
And he said, "THAT IS NOT WHAT  
I MEANT -  
I'M FUNNY JUST BY ACCIDENT."  
And while the world laughed  
outside.  
Cloony the Clown sat down and  
cried.

